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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1915.

He who would serve in a democracy must do the thinking for those who have not time to think for themselves.

The Governor Must Stand by His Guns

The significant fact disclosed by the defeat of the "toothless" housing bill in Harrisburg is that the Vares are standing behind the Governor in his fight. Whether they are actuated by political or humanitarian motives is of little consequence so long as they use their influence to prevent the repeal of the present housing law and work with all their might to vindicate their original wisdom in backing Doctor Brumbaugh for the Governorship by backing him now also in his program.

The resources of the opponents of the housing law are not yet exhausted, and the utmost vigilance will be required to prevent them from rushing some trick bill through the General Assembly, on the chance that they can bamboozle the Governor with it. Doctor Brumbaugh is committed to housing reform. His declaration that every family should live in a house by itself, equipped with proper sanitary conveniences, goes much farther than the law that Councils has disregarded.

The Governor can sign no bill relaxing the regulations in the present law without stultifying himself. Even if his sympathies as a man were not aroused by the wretchedness which surrounds the very poor through the neglect of their landlords to make their tenements habitable, he knows that it is politically wiser to stand by his guns than to retreat in the face of the enemy, which, by the way, he has shown no inclination to do. The prospect for vitalizing the housing law is growing brighter every week.

The Improved Naval Appropriation Bill

The naval bill as finally passed is a far more comprehensive, intelligent and acceptable measure than the weak and mollycoddle thing which emerged from the House. The Senate put into it more liberal provision for submarines, the utility of which has been amply demonstrated during the past few months. It provided likewise for support of the aerial service connected with the navy and for two great battleships of the superdreadnought class. The "plucking board," which was constantly stirring up trouble, is abolished, as it should have been long ago.

It is a better bill than the Democrats have heretofore given the country, although the program proposed is still far from commensurate with the necessities of the situation. Perhaps when annual contributions to the survivors of former wars and their dependents have been materially reduced, Congress will be able to make adequate provision against the contingency of future conflict with its more heavily armed competitors in trade.

A Suspicious Bill

The Dunn bill, now in committee at Harrisburg, is a suspicious measure. It proposes to divert 10 per cent. of the liquor license fees to the police and firemen's pension fund. There is a desire on the part of the members from Allegheny to have the bill amended to include second-class cities also.

It would be clever politics, of course, to have the police and firemen financially interested in the liquor business. The bill, in other words, is a cleverly devised bribe. Yet Senator McNichol and his friends have been loudly proclaiming from the housetops that they want to keep the police out of politics. This is a clever way of doing it, isn't it? The police and firemen, we imagine, can manage their pension fund without dubious assistance of this sort—particularly the police, many of whom would live longer, and all of whom would live easier, were it not for the risks and arduous duties which alcohol in other men puts on them.

Dropping the Club

NOT even the argument that it could be used as a club to force down the price of armor plate was enough to induce Congress to make an appropriation for building a Government armor plate factory. The reasons for the rejection of this pet plan of Secretary Daniels are doubtless complicated. It is conceivable, but improbable, that Congress was thinking of economy. But whatever induced it to kill the plan it deserves the thanks of the country for refraining from launching the Government into any more industrial occupations.

Investigations That Lead to the Dust Heap

WHENEVER John D. Rockefeller or his son sticks his head above the horizon "hit it," seems to be the rule of action for hundreds of self-advertisers. The Colorado strike would not have attracted a tithe of the attention that it has received if Mr. Rockefeller had not been a minority shareholder in one of the companies involved. The opportunity for making political capital was too good to be missed. Mr. Rockefeller has no friends. Nobody dares defend him in public. He is rich, and, therefore, he is a scoundrel. So he hits again. If he wants any defense he is wealthy enough to hire lawyers to plead his case.

So a subcommittee of the Committee on Mines of the House of Representatives had to go to Colorado to inquire into the trouble there. It did not matter that the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations was engaged in that sort of work, or that the President had appointed a commission of distinguished parliamentarians to settle the controversy. The anti-social sociologists and the enthusiastic

endeavorers after economic advantage for themselves on the House committee had to have their swing at the Rockefeller.

But what is the use of all this investigating? Cannot one committee get as much information as any one needs on the subject? And even without any investigation at all did not we all know that the dispute was over unyielding the mines? If the investigations led anywhere but to dry reports they might be excused, but they nearly always lead direct to the lumber room of some big library and get stuffed in the accumulated dust of neglect. The Colorado trouble is in the way of being settled, and it would have reached this stage any way.

Fighting the Trusts in the Laboratory

SECRETARY LANE'S announcement that Doctor Rittman, of the Bureau of Mines, has discovered a method of producing kerosene as cheaply as it is produced by the patented processes of the Standard Oil Company, and that the independent refiners are to be allowed to use it freely, will interest all automobile owners, because it means cheaper gasoline. And it should interest all far-sighted and successful business men, because it reveals an unsuspected power of the Government, available for use in fighting the big trusts.

The Standard Oil Company has been able to produce more gasoline from a given quantity of crude oil than the independent refiners. The small men have, therefore, been unable to compete with the big oil company. But the Government chemist has gone into a laboratory and worked out a method of distillation which is as effective as that used by the Standard, and if Secretary Lane's announcement is not too optimistic, it is cheaper in operation and safer. The system is to be patented by the discoverer and dedicated to the people of the country so that it may be used by every one. The handicap of the little man is to be removed through the intervention of a paternal Government. Every little man will rejoice, as he should, at obtaining so powerful an ally in his fight with the big competitors.

Now, if the Government will continue the good work and discover economical methods of reducing other raw materials into commercial products of higher value and place them at the disposal of the little man, the men with capital can no longer enjoy the great advantages which have made it possible to outstrip their poorer competitors in the race for trade, and the trusts may die of inanition.

Who Should Be the Family Banker?

HAS the husband any right to his wages? This is not the usual question asked in discussions of women's rights. One is commonly told that the wife ought to have an allowance, or that she ought to be economically independent, and some theorists have gone so far as to declare that the husband should pay a weekly wage to his wife, which she should have to spend as she pleases without question by any one.

In view of the common practice among working people, and among some of those who please to look upon themselves as making up a different social stratum, the right of a husband to any part of what he earns is a more acute issue. The man goes home on Saturday night and turns his key over to the "misses," as he says, or, if it is a salary that he receives, he deposits his check in the bank in his wife's name. Then he gets what the banker of the family, the woman who runs the house, thinks he ought to have for his modest needs. He must save out of the 50 cents a week allowed to him enough to buy his evening clothes, and his day clothes as well, and enough to pay for the taxicab in which he rides to and from the factory.

There are men now and then who chafe under the financial restrictions of this system. But what can they do about it? The humanitarian who can decide who shall be the family banker in a way to satisfy every one will deserve a monument at least six inches higher than the City Hall tower.

Put This to His Credit

THE most important thing that Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, has done, in the second year of his tenure of office, has been to give his individual attention to the Department of State, to bolster it up by placing its important work under the direction of competent (if little known politically) men, whereby he has been enabled, in one of the greatest crises in the nation's life, despite the Secretary of State, to avoid blundering the country into war, although maintaining the dignity of the Government and the essential rights of its citizens.

A Man in Harrisburg

IT is evident that the man in the Executive Mansion in Harrisburg is in charge of the local option bill. The plans made to report the measure from committee were changed at his direction in order to give the people time to express themselves on the subject. An organized campaign is under way to impress the legislators with the strength of the popular demand for local option. They are to be made to understand that the practical temperance people, which includes nearly every one except the liquor sellers, are in favor of local option, and are in no mood to quibble over the details of a law which will permit them to decide for themselves whether liquor is to be sold in their county or in their township. Then, when the demonstration has been made, the General Assembly will be challenged to disregard the will of the Commonwealth at its peril.

This is apparently the program. And it is a good one. The Governor has been taking the measure of the men he has to deal with, and it looks as if he has decided that if there is to be any master in Harrisburg he is the one to assume that role.

The man chosen to be Director of the Mint is Robert W. Woolley, but he is not from the West.

Of course, West Philadelphia wants free transfers, and so do every other section of the city.

And now let us hope that the nation may have a legislative rest until the first Monday in December.

Did any one think that the congressional committee investigating the Colorado strike would praise John D. Rockefeller, Jr.?

Pierre Loti has decided that the Turk as a romantic Moslem is not quite the same thing as the Turk fighting France.

Can any one guess what President it was who called a group of naval officers "a lot of wheezy, onion-eyed, old, stuffed puddings"?

There is not a real Boy Scout in the country who would not like to take that 170-mile ride with General Scott to talk with the troublesome Piute Indians.

OF WOMENFOLK AND WILD FOWL

Feminism in Its Relation to Natural History—The Battle of the Blue-birds—A Man Who Read Shaw With Disastrous Results.

By WARREN BARTON BLAKE

NOT long ago a young American committed suicide, leaving behind as the sole evidence of his motive a letter saying that he had read a great deal of Bernard Shaw, and that his readings of the Irishman had dried up the springs of all his joys to live. It cannot have been a very robust young man—physically or temperamentally. Robust young men do not go to literature and let books decide whether they shall live or die.

I have caught myself wondering, ever since one disillusioned young Shavian shuffled off his mortal coil, just what particular disillusionments were, for him, the fatally distressing ones. And I am persuaded that, like a complete sentimentalist in the obsolete 18th century mode, the young man was most of all dismayed at the notion that women are not all that masculine idealism (or, why not say it frankly, male egoism) has conceived. The notion of Annes perpetually tracking Tamners to the altar is enough to make any supersensitive young man's flesh crawl. Just as he was nerving himself to make love to some fair person, the thought surged through this particular youth's whole being: "It will by no means surprise her. Shaw knows very well that she arranged this matter for the very start." And, feeling rather sick about playing second fiddle even at his own proposal, and refusing to take the shock lightly, there was no need for him but Werther's: "Waiter! Bring me pen and ink and loaded pistols!"

The Matchmaking of Old

It is a pretty picture, that with which we males used to flatter ourselves. In it we were conqueror, aggressor. In the background (no—let us be fair to ourselves!—in the middle distance) sat the lovely lady we meant to make happy—and our wife. She blushed ever so slightly as we drew near, and gracefully shivered. She was at once amazed and overcome and delighted. She had played a passive part up to that moment—waiting for us to make up our minds. It would have been indecorous for her to have done anything more than look as pretty as possible. In the event of our unfaithfulness or inconstancy she inevitably wasted and pined away. Of course she was far too well bred to do anything really aggressive, or even definitely to make way with herself. Whether she actually went into a decline and "breathed her last" depended only on the ruthlessness of our imaginations. Generally she had a weakness of the heart that did her very nicely. So we didn't let matters go that far, but politely came up to the scratch and lived happily ever after.

I wonder if women were ever just as we pictured them—in those happy, sloppy, far-off days when we were sentimentalists and day-dreamers? There is, at any rate, the evidence of novels like Jane Austen's—written from woman's side of the fence, and gracefully side-stepping any surcharge of emotion. Marriage is the whole business and career of women, in Jane Austen's England; few of her characters remain, like the sprightly novelist herself, spinster to the end. Even Jane Austen herself had no intention or wish to escape the toils and tolls of matrimony. As for the mothers and match-making aunts of her heroines—but words fall one.

Pulling Feathers

I have just been reading a book of John Burroughs—published a dozen years ago and just as fresh and delightful as if its ink were still damp. On one page, telling of spring's awakening, he discourses of the bird-romances that delight woodmen at this time of year. And, "I notice," writes the naturalist, "that during the mating season of the birds the rivalries and jealousies are not all confined to the males." But one would rather quote him at length:

Indeed, the most spiteful and furious battles, as among the domestic fowls, are frequently among females. I have seen two hen robins scratch and pull feathers in a manner dignified sparingly with the courtly and dignified sparring usual between the males. One March a pair of bluebirds decided to set up housekeeping in the trunk of an old apple tree near my house. Not long after an unwedded female appeared and probably tried to supplant the lawful wife. I did not see what she used, but I saw her being very roughly handled by the jealous bride. The battle continued nearly all the day about the orchard and grounds, and was a battle of very close quarters. The two birds would clinch with beak and claws locked. The male followed them about and warbled and called, but whether deprecatingly or encouragingly I could not tell. Occasionally he would take a hand, but whether to separate them or whether to fan the flames, that I could not tell. So far as I could see, he was highly amused, and culpably indifferent to the issue of the battle.

The male robin was, it appears, reasonably sure that at least one of the combatants would last out the battle—and probably he had read Darwin and felt sure it would be the better hen. Obviously feminism (or, as Mrs. Gilman has it, the "larger" feminism) antedates the twentieth century; antedates a certain Homeric battle described quite impartially by Mr. Harry Fielding in "Tom Jones"; even antedates the female of our own species. But the nasty sneering habit of mind which one may qualify as masculine belongs, equally, to the male of every kind and of all time.

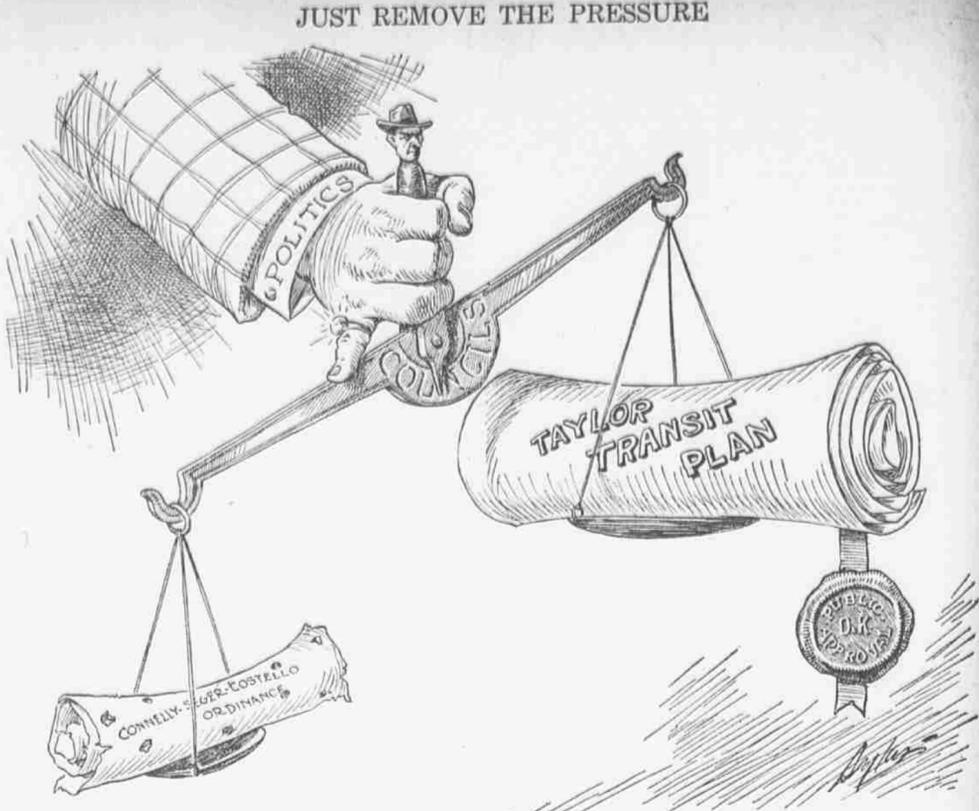
There appears to be no moral to Mr. Burroughs' anecdote of the sparring blue-birds, unless that Mr. Bernard Shaw has studied natural history. If the young man whom Shaw disheartened into suicide had known more natural history, would he have spared his own frail life and made some woman "happy"?

DR. TAKAHASHI, OF JAPAN

First Woman Physician of the New School in Mikado's Land.

Dr. Mikuzo Takahashi, of Nihombashi, who has just retired from active practice, was the first woman physician of the modern school in Japan. She was born in a samurai family in Aichi Ken, went to Tokio about 40 years ago to become a midwife, got a Government license after six years of study and entered the medical school founded by Dr. Tai Hassagawa, in Hongko.

"Of course, it was no easy matter for her to be admitted into that school in those days," says the Japan Times, "but her pioneer aspirations were encouraged by such authorities as the late Doctors Hassagawa and Nagawa and Surgeon Baron Sato. When at last she began her practice four years later, Miss Takahashi



DARDANELLES IN WORLD HISTORY

This Gateway to the Golden Fleece of Eastern Trade Has Led to Great Events Since the Expedition of the Argonauts

By RAYMOND G. FULLER

DISPATCHES reporting the progress of the allied fleet through the Dardanelles mention the heavy winds which are common there, and which "sometimes stir up a vigorous current in the water of" passageway. There is at all times a strong surface current setting toward the Aegean Sea and an undercurrent flowing in an opposite direction toward the Bosphorus. These movements figure in ancient literature, and are noted in the writings of the Greek historians, like Xenophon. The turbulent westward stream furnished Shakespeare a simile. Othello speaks in answer to Iago's poisoning words:

Like to the Pontic sea, Whose icy current and compulsive course Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Propontic and the Hellespont, Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace, Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love, Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up.

The classical names have given way to modern: the Pontic is the Black Sea, the Propontic is the Sea of Marmora and the Hellespont is the Dardanelles, but the waters of the olden gateway to the East course back and forth as in the time of the Argonauts. The present name of the Dardanelles comes indirectly from the legendary associations of the adjoining country. Dardanus, who in Greek fable was the son of Zeus and Electra, slew his brother Iasion and fled to the hospitable Asian shores of the Hellespont. He is reputed to have founded the royal house of Troy and to have been the ancestor, through Aeneas, of the ancient Romans. Above the Hellespont in a corner of Asia Minor lay

the ringing plains of windy Troy

where the hosts of Agamemnon avenged the Rape of Helen. The site of the ill-fated city itself, so archaeologists tell us, is only three miles or so from the Dardanelles.

The Quest of the Golden Fleece

The Dardanelles made its debut in history away back in the indistinct ages of mythology—for much of mythology is simply vague history; farther back than the Trojan War. The first record of a voyage through the Hellespont of which we have any record was that of Jason, who built the good ship Argo

From Colchis' realm to bring the golden fleece.

But the story of the Argonauts follows from another, which accounts for the ancient name of this neck of sea,

Where beautiful Helle found a watery grave.

Helle was the daughter of a Thessalian king and queen, Athamas and Nephele. When Athamas discarded his wife she suspected danger to her children—a boy, Phryxus, and the girl Helle. Mercury helped Nettlepe put them out of his reach by giving her a ram. On this ram, which had a golden fleece, the children were placed, the ram then vaulting into the air and taking its course eastward. The girl fell off into the water of the strait which afterward was called the Hellespont. The ram continued its flight to the farther coast of the Euxine, where Phryxus sacrificed it to Jupiter, presenting the golden fleece to Aetes, the king of the country, who placed it in a consecrated grove guarded by a sleepless dragon. The quest of the golden fleece became a favorite adventure of spirited princes, one of whom was successful. The legendary story of Jason's accomplishment commemorates what was doubtless the first important maritime expedition of ancient times.

Between Two Continents

To classical mythology is also due the tale of Hero and Leander, a love story which Holmes burlesqued in "The Ballad of the Oysterman":

I read it in the story-book That, for to kiss his dear, Leander swam the Hellespont— And I will swim this here.

The parodic Hero—or heroine—of this poem, after her heart-broken plunge into the bay, is unheroically described:

Her hair drooped round her pallid cheek Like seaweed on a clam.

In the poems of Tennyson, Byron, Moore and a host of others, however, Leander, a youth of Abydos, loved Hero, a priestess of

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Venus in Sestos, on the opposite and European side of the strait, and used to swim across every night to enjoy her company. But one of those Hellespontine tempests arose one fateful evening, and Leander was drowned. The waves bore his body to the shore beneath the tower from which Hero had watched all night for his coming, and in her despair she threw herself into the sea and perished.

Lord Byron, as a young man, performed the feat of swimming the Hellespont, and was so proud of it that he mentioned the accomplishment in at least two of his poems, "The Bride of Abydos" and "Don Juan." In the former he says:

These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne. In one of the letters written during his early travels in Asia Minor and Turkey he remarks:

I don't know that I have done anything to distinguish me from other voyagers, unless you will reckon my swimming from Sestos to Abydos, on May 3, 1810, a tolerable feat for a modern.

He underlines the word "modern." The distance across the Hellespont between Sestos and Abydos is about a mile, and Lord Byron had some reason, therefore, to congratulate himself on his skill and endurance. Doubtless he would not have made the attempt, however, but for the suggestion of the story of Leander.

Armies have passed from continent to continent by way of the Hellespont. That of Xerxes, on its way to the famous reception at Thermopylae, crossed between Abydos and Sestos by means of a bridge of boats; and Alexander, in 334 B. C., 146 years later, adopted a similar scheme at the same place when he set forth to conquer Asia. Landing not far from the historic plain of Troy he marched along the shore till he reached the little river Granicus, where the Persian satraps had gathered to dispute his passage. One of Alexander's generals counseled a delay till morning before attacking, but the conqueror replied, "I should be ashamed, having crossed the Hellespont, to be detained by a miserable stream like the Granicus." So then began one of the decisive battles of the world's history.

GOETHALS

A man went down to Panama, Where many a lad had died, To slit the sliding mountains And lift the eternal tide; A man stood up in Panama, And the mountains stood aside.

The power that wrought the tide and peak Wrought mightier the sea; And the One who made the isthmus He made the engineer, And the good God he made Goethals To cleave the hemisphere.

The reek of fevered ages rose From poisoned jungle and strand, Where the crumbling wrecks of failure Lay sunk in the torrid sand— Derelicts of old desperate hopes And vernal contraband.

Till a mind glowed white through the yellow And purged the poison-mold, And the wrecks rose up in labor, And the fever's knell was tolled, And the keen mind cut the world-divide, Unhastily by world-gold.

For a poet wrought in Panama With a continent for his theme, And he wrote with flood and fire To forge a planet's dream; He made the engineer, And the derrick's rank his dithyrambs And his stanzas roared in steam.

But the poet's mind it is not his Alone, but a million men's; For visions of lonely dreamers Meet there as in a lens, And lightnings, pent by stormy time, Leap through, with flame intense.

So through our age three giants loom To touch man's venturesome soul: Amundsen on his ice-peak, And Peary on his pole, And midway, where the oceans meet, Goethals—beside his goal.

Where old Balboa bent his gaze He leads the liners through, And the Horn that tossed Magellan Bellowed a far halloo, For where the natives never called Steamed Goethals and his crew.

So neversmore the tropic routes Need poleward warp and veer. But on through the gates of Goethals The steady keels shall steer, Where the tribes of man are led toward peace By the prophet-engineer.

—FRED MACKENZIE in "The Present Hour."